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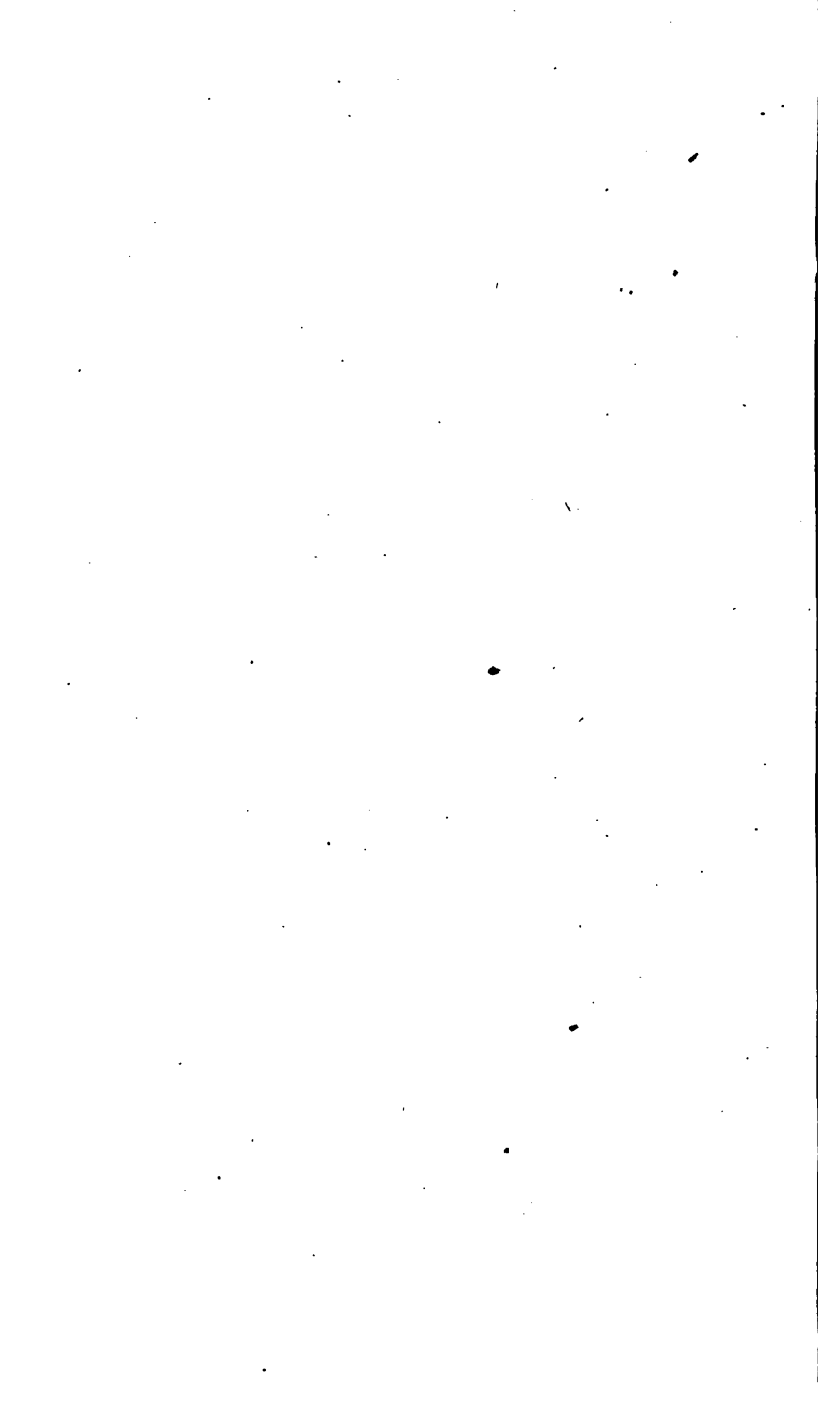
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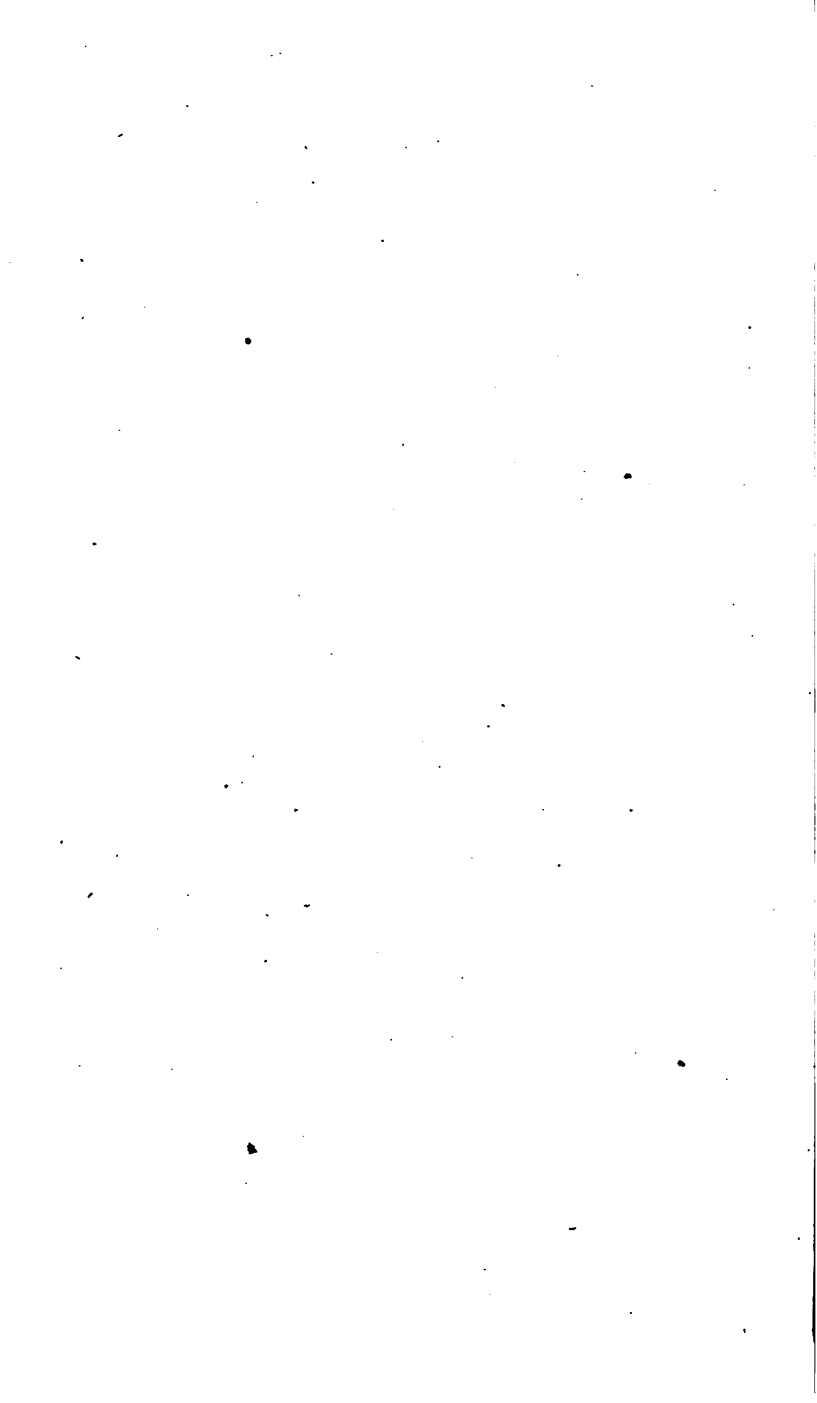
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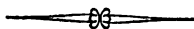






**PENCILINGS**  
**OF**  
**LIGHT AND SHADE.**

**BY S. MILLS DAY.**



**SCHENECTADY :**  
**G. Y. VAN DEBOGART, 89 STATE-STREET.**

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# Angel-Voices.

## ARGUMENT.

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THE main incidents of the following sketch are based upon an historical fact, and a traditionary tale.

The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, by Louis XIV., expatriated many of the noblest and truest citizens of France ; compelling them to seek, in foreign countries, that exercise of their civil and religious rights which had been denied them in their native land.

A tradition existed among the early navigators, that a group of beautiful islands far to the west, was favored with the visible presence of celestial visitants ; and that those who passed the night upon their coral shores, beheld heavenly visions, and listened to the harmonies of delicious music, and heard the sound of Angel-Voices, strangely melodious, floating on the midnight air.

# ANGEL VOICES.

---

## CANTO FIRST.

---

### I.

AMID a group of sea-girt isles,  
Within the tropic's genial clime,  
Where Spring unchanging ever smiles,  
And strews with flowers the path of Time—  
A fairy island gently laves  
Its circling shore in Ocean's waves ;  
And rising from the coral strand  
Its pillared groves in beauty stand ;  
Amid their dark recesses twine  
The ivy green, and clustering vine ;  
And falling waters, soft and clear,  
Make music to the listening ear ;  
And songs of birds of sweetest note  
Upon the gentle breezes float ;  
And fruits and flowers, of beauty rare,  
With fragrant incense load the air ;  
And all around, beneath, above,  
Proclaim the fitting home of Love.



## II.

An island strange was that, I ween,  
If all the legends, quaint and old,  
Of nameless sounds, of sprites unseen,  
Had well and truthfully been told.  
As marvellous the tales of those  
Who sought, by chance, a brief repose  
Within those orange-groves and bowers,  
Reclining on their couch of flowers.  
For, waking visions, pure and bright,  
Beguiled the watches of the night;  
And glorious shapes, divinely fair,  
Descended through the yielding air;  
And forms of more than mortal mould  
Attuned their glittering harps of gold;  
And Angel-Voices, full and free,  
Breathed forth celestial melody.

## III.

Thus days, and months, and circling years,  
With silent footfall walked their round,  
Unmarked by human hopes or fears  
Within that lonely island's bound.  
But now, at length, a stately barque  
Comes gliding o'er the waters dark,  
With tapering spars, and snowy sails  
Outspread to catch the favoring gales,

As swift along her course she flies,  
Like the white cloud of morning skies.  
And noble souls her pinions bear,  
From lands of pain, and toil, and care—  
From homes made lone and desolate  
By bitter and malignant hate—  
To homes that heaven might kindly bless  
With pure and peaceful happiness:  
To seek beneath a brighter sky  
And better clime, the isles that lie  
Reposing on old Ocean's breast,  
Retreats of calm and holy rest.

## IV.

And now, beside that isle unknown,  
That gallant barque has furled her sails;  
And now a trio seek alone  
A home within those pleasant vales.  
A father, wife, and only child,  
Self-exiled to that lonely wild—  
Those tender ties resolved to sever  
That twine around the throbbing heart—  
Far from their native land, forever,  
In trusting faith have dared depart.

## V.

Unhappy France! Oh, thrice unblest!  
Thou to thy quivering lip hast pressed

A cup, to thee, of bitter woes—  
A cup of blessings to thy foes.  
Oh, erring, blinded suicide !  
Thy sacred altars thou hast dyed  
With thine own blood—hast trampled down  
The brightest jewels of thy crown—  
Hast scattered wide, with faithless hands,  
To other climes, to other lands,  
Those precious seeds of liberty,  
Whose fruit, so madly sought by thee,  
Upspringing from its humble birth,  
Blessed other nations of the earth ;  
Whilst thou, who once the germ had nursed,  
Then flung it far, to lands unknown,  
Hast hungered, with the thought accursed,  
Thy folly hath been all thine own.

## VI.

From isle to isle, all gracefully,  
That ship along her pathway glides ;  
And o'er the billows, light and free,  
Like some wild waterfowl she rides :  
Then in the distance fades away,  
With the last beams of closing day  
That on her snowy pinions play,  
As far across the Ocean-main  
She seeks her native home again.

—Meanwhile the noble exiles there  
With skill their wildwood homes prepare :  
Their wants are few that daily rise,  
And Nature, from her bounteous stores,  
Those wants with liberal hand supplies,  
And forth a full abundance pours.

## VII.

The twilight shades their shadows fling  
Around those lonely tropic isles,  
And viewless winds are whispering  
That gentle music that beguiles  
The heart alike when crushed with sadness,  
Or filled with thoughts of joy and gladness.  
And fleecy vapors fringed with gold,  
In gorgeous loveliness outrolled,  
Are floating in the distant west,  
Like fairy islands of the blest.

## VIII.

And now, at this impressive hour,  
The exile's loved and only child  
Hath sought alone her woodland bower  
Enshrined 'mid clustering flowerets wild.  
Her fair and graceful form reposes  
Upon a couch of fragrant roses ;  
With clasped hands and lifted eyes  
She gazes on the darkening skies,

Watching the stars as one by one,  
Like exhalations of the sun,  
They glitter in the peerless light  
And lustre of the tropic night.  
At such an hour, oh, who can tell  
The mournful, pleasing thoughts that swell  
The feeling heart—how fleetly rise  
Those loved but long-lost memories  
That troop in shadowy shapes along,  
Dear as the phantom of the song  
That once a sainted mother sung,  
As round her neck young Childhood clung.  
'Tis then we gather transient gleams,  
Like those that visit us in dreams,  
Of visions far too bright for earth,  
And gifted with celestial birth.

## IX.

While thus the exile's daughter there  
Her twilight vigil keeps alone,  
Floating upon the evening air  
She hears a sweet, æolian tone  
Swelling and dying on the breeze  
In ever-changing harmonies.  
Distant it seemed to be, at first,  
The melody of some far sphere ;  
Then in full choral tide it burst  
In richest music on the ear.

## X.

There is a love we sometimes feel,  
A beauty that we sometimes view,  
A music that will sometimes steal  
Upon the sense, and wake anew  
Some loved but long-forgotten tone,  
Alike mysterious and unknown.  
And like, that music seemed to be  
That beauty, love and melody :  
A harmony so perfect seemed  
The music of the starry skies—  
But now a heavenly vision gleamed  
Before the wondering maiden's eyes.  
A troop of shining ones appear,  
Descending nearer, yet more near,  
Hovering that fair retreat above,  
With voices kind, with looks of love.  
And lower still they now descend—  
Those guardian ones, by Mercy led,  
Who on our steps unseen attend,  
And nightly hover round our bed—  
With brows serene, with radiant wings,  
Arrayed in robes of spotless white—  
With golden harps, whose quivering strings  
Were gleaming in the soft starlight.  
At length their snowy pinions rest—  
The turf by angel-feet is pressed—  
Those shapes of more than mortal mould

Attune their glittering harps of gold,  
And Angel-Voices, full and free,  
Breathe forth celestial melody :

“ MAIDEN fair, we welcome thee  
To thy home beyond the sea :  
Welcome to this isle of flowers,  
With its fragrant groves and bowers ;  
With its crystal waters bright,  
Glancing in the mellow light—  
Cordial welcome be to thee  
To thy home beyond the sea.

“ May that Power that rules above,  
Guarding with paternal love,  
All thy being kindly bless,  
Granting perfect happiness.  
May His light around thee shine,  
May His peace be ever thine ;  
So that all thy life shall be  
Truly from all sorrow free.

“ Still, should gloomy shadows rise,  
Shrouding wide thy sunny skies,  
May His providences prove  
Signs of mercy, truth and love :  
On the clouds of darkest woe  
Ever shine the promise-bow ;  
Till the storm shall pass away,  
Leaving pure and perfect day.”

## XI.

They cease—and then their radiant wings,  
Whose very rustle music seemed,

Each Angel-one outspreads, and flings  
    Upon the air a fragrance deemed  
It well might be, surpassing far  
The odors sweet of famed *Benzar*.  
—As the white cloud its course would take  
When rising from some crystal lake,  
And gently lifts itself on high,  
Seeking its own fair home, the sky—  
That shining globe of Angels rise,  
    Clad in their robes of spotless white,  
Upmounting to their native skies,  
    Till all is lost to mortal sight.





## CANTO SECOND.

## I.

AMONG the exiles that had sought  
 Those ocean-isles, with purpose high,  
 Setting all luring hopes at nought  
 Of all that wealth or power might buy—  
 Was one, a youth of noble birth,  
 Yet nobler far by manly worth ;  
 Heir of a princely house was he,  
 Whose peerless splendor regal seemed ;  
 Still, of a higher heraldry  
 The name of *Christian* had he deemed.  
 His was that high, courageous soul,  
 Whose fearless thought brooked no control,  
 Or bowed in humbleness to none,  
 Save to the great Supreme alone.  
 With power to suffer, murmurless—  
 Each rising passion to repress—  
 To triumph o'er the woes of life—  
 To shun the devious ways of sin—  
 Obeying, in the darkening strife,  
 The still, small voice that speaks within.

## II.

WALTER DE VERE and LILLA met  
As exiles, on the broad, blue sea ;  
And in that pregnant hour was set  
The signet-seal of Destiny.  
For then unseen a spirit came,  
And on Love's altar lit a flame,  
Whose radiance bright should shine afar,  
To those twin-souls, a guiding star,  
More lovely to their watchful eyes  
Than Hesperus of evening skies ;  
More glorious to their longing sight  
Than e'en the son of morning light :  
For it should glow with fadeless ray,  
Although should set the star of even ;  
Still it should shine to brighter day,  
Tho' morning stars should fall from heaven.

## III.

Upon the island's western shore,  
Beside a quiet, peaceful cove—  
A mirror for the skies above—  
A lofty cliff, with moss run o'er,  
Lifted its stern, dark front on high,  
The storm and tempest to defy.  
And often, from its emerald crown,  
LILLA, at sunset hour, looked down  
Upon the distant isles of green

That gemmed the ocean's silvery sheen—  
The tinted hues of clouds and sky,  
Blended in matchless harmony,  
And circling sun, whose banners bright  
Were gleaming round his path of light.

## IV.

The evening star is shining now  
In beauty in the distant west ;  
And ocean's waves have ceased to flow,  
And Nature sinks to quiet rest.  
But soon a sound the stillness breaks,  
And echo, answering echo, wakes ;  
A light, free barque, with dipping oars,  
Is gliding toward those coral shores,  
And gains at length the sheltering cove,  
And rests beneath the cliff above.  
'Tis still again ; but now a tone  
Of mellowed fullness, soft and clear,  
To LILLA well and fondly known,  
Is rising to her listening ear :

## 1.

“ WHEN blushing Morn, at dawn, unbars  
The pearly gates of day,  
And in the flushing light, the stars  
Like spirits fade away—  
Glad, happy thoughts within me rise,  
So joyous and so free,  
I bless those matin reveries—  
For then I dream of *thee*.

## 2.

“ When Eve her silver veil o’erspreads  
The earth, and gems the sky  
With jewels bright, and deepening shades  
Are gathering silently—  
Then thoughts all beautiful attend  
My soul from passion free,  
As angel-ones to earth descend—  
For then I dream of *thee*.

## 3.

“ The thought of thee, as I would tread  
The path of life aright,  
Gleams far adown, a golden thread,  
Amid the shrouding night.  
Blessings be with thee—for thou art  
A guiding star to me ;  
And happy hours are e’er my part  
As thus I dream of *thee*.”

## V.

Now oft times, at the close of day,  
Fair LILLA watches from afar  
The gleaming of the first faint ray  
That beameth from the evening star :  
And with a trusting faith unbroken,  
She deems it well the signal token—  
When first it lights the azure dome—  
For HIM to launch his fleetly barque,  
And, gliding o’er the waters dark,  
To seek again her island-home.

## VI.

The mariner, when, tempest-tost,  
'Neath rayless skies, with compass lost,  
Through breaking clouds he hails afar  
The glad light of the northern star—  
The exile, as in toil and pain  
He seeks his native home again,  
When he the long-loved spot descries  
With throbbing heart and eager eyes—  
The watcher, weary and forlorn,

That waits through all the gloom of night  
The opening of the gates of morn,

When first appears the dawning light :  
These all have joy heart-earnest—still  
They feel not that delicious thrill  
Of pleasure, which the young heart knows,  
When, waking from its dream-repose,  
It gladly hails, its vigil done,  
The presence of its own loved one.  
For then upon the spirit steals

A calm, still, brooding influence,  
Pure as when gentle slumber seals

The rest of sleeping Innocence.  
And then, in Fancy's pleasing dream,  
Bright Hope and pensive Memory seem  
Alike to bless those happy hours,  
And strew the path of Love with flowers.

## VII.

Oh, who hath known, and knowing, *felt*  
The young heart's first and purest love,  
And at one idol-shrine hath knelt,  
All other earthly shrines above—  
That doth not bless, all fervently,  
That early passion, though it be  
Long-perished, which, in waking dreams,  
Revealed by radiant, transient gleams,  
A world ideal, fair and bright,  
A world of loveliness and light.  
Fair as the bow that spans the sky  
The heart's first love to youth appears ;  
Yet oft its beauties fade and die,  
And all dissolves in falling tears !

## VIII.

So time passed on—the golden Hours  
That hovered that fair isle above,  
Would linger in its fragrant bowers,  
The blest retreats of Hope and Love.  
And LILLA's heart was blithe and gay—  
Her bounding step was light and free—  
Sweet as when falling waters play,  
Echoed her voice of melody.  
Yet sometimes thoughts, all solemn, stole  
The presence-chamber of her soul

Within, whose shadows from her sight  
Shrouded her cloudless skies of light.  
—Darkly prophetic soon they seemed—  
For LILLA watched one eve, in vain,  
Though Hesperus in beauty beamed,  
To hail upon the spreading main,  
That light, free barque with dipping oars  
Swift gliding toward those coral shores.  
Then followed days of dread suspense,  
More torturing than the certain sense  
Of woes and sorrows known—at last  
From isle to isle this rumor passed :  
WALTER DE VERE had spread his sails  
Before the ocean's rising gales,  
And in the dark and stormy night  
His drifting barque had swept from sight :  
At morn the ocean's revelry  
Revealed alone the broad, blue sea—  
Doubtless beneath the swelling wave  
The youth had found an early grave.

## IX.

And now round LILLA's spirit stole  
A shade, a darkness to be felt ;  
More gloomy, as her anguished soul  
In secret, untold sorrow knelt :  
E'en as at times dark vapors move  
Some clear and crystal lake above,

And on the surface, calm and still,  
Fling down their shadows cold and chill,  
Until that mirror, which, before,  
    Gave back the bright and radiant light,  
With dark and gloomy clouds hung o'er  
    Reflects the gathering shades of night.  
—And darker grew that shrouding shade,  
    And fainter beamed the starry ray  
Of Hope, whose blessed radiance played  
    Around young life's untrodden way.  
Beside the dying couch of one  
Whose name, of earthly names, alone,  
All must revere—a mother—knelt  
The exile's sorrowing child, and felt  
Those sharp, deep pangs of bitterness  
The heart strives vainly to repress,  
As it beholds its best-beloved  
By the cold hand of death removed.  
And yet, as LILLA vigil kept  
Around that bed of death, and wept  
In anguish o'er the cherished one,  
    A ray appeared amid the gloom,  
Whose pure and gentle effluence shone  
    In beauty round the silent tomb.

## X.

Oh, marvel of the human soul!  
Whose pinions vainly strive to rise



Above the mists that upward roll  
And veil its long-lost home, the skies—  
No perfect joy it here may know,  
Nor taste the last extreme of woe :  
Its rapturous moments ever seem  
But visions of some fleeting dream,  
Whose source and end, like life's, are gloom,  
Alike their cradle and their tomb.  
Yet when with deepest grief oppressed  
The soul is never all unblest—  
But far within a pulse will flow  
Whose flickering throb is not of woe ;  
And through the night a voice will steal—  
“Twere better thus than not to feel !”

## XI.

Again at twilight's pensive hour,  
Amid the calm seclusion there,  
The maiden seeks her woodland bower,  
And bows her soul in earnest prayer.  
And while she prayeth, from above  
Come signs of mercy, truth and love.  
Again that heavenly band appear,  
Descending through the upper air ;  
And gently on the evening breeze  
Are borne celestial harmonies,  
As from their harps those Angel-ones  
Pour forth their solemn, soothing tones.

'Tis still again—and soft and clear  
Their voices greet the listening ear :

“ MAIDEN, in thine hour of woe  
Trust the HOLY ONE on high ;  
He doth all thy sorrows know—  
Lift to heaven thy downcast eye.  
GOD, the Merciful, will be  
Faithful Father, Friend to thee.

Trust HIM, and HIS hand shall guide  
To the mansions of the blest ;  
Where the peaceful waters glide,  
Where the weary are at rest.  
Hope and Faith shall light thy way  
Unto realms of endless day.”

## XII.

Again those Angel-ones uprise,  
Returning to their starlit skies ;  
While in the distance fade away,  
Like the last beams of closing day,  
Those sweet and perfect symphonies  
That first were sung in Paradise.

## XIII.

One long, deep sigh—the spell was broke :  
O'er LILLA's sorrowing spirit stole  
An influence, whose power awoke  
The loftier passions of the soul.

No vain regrets to her might be—  
The Past lived but in memory.  
All youthful hopes and joys were fled  
Or buried with the silent dead.  
The Past had been for her alone ;  
For it the Future should atone.  
It did atone—from isle to isle  
That self-devoted maiden passed ;  
A holy light her chastened smile  
Around the couch of suffering cast ;  
Her low, sweet voice fell soft and clear  
In music on the mourner's ear ;  
Her hand all gentle smoothly spread  
The pillow of the dying bed ;  
And oft she stood in pity by,  
As breathed the soul its latest sigh.

## XIV.

And LILLA thus all weariless  
Wrought out her work of holy love—  
While stricken ones prayed heaven to bless  
Her life with mercies from above—  
Until upon her radiant face  
That chastened smile had given place  
To deeper lines of thought and care,  
So strange in one so young and fair.  
—E'en as some fount, whose crystal tide  
Is by pellucid springs supplied,

In beauty sleeps, with emerald bound,  
With fragrant roses bending round :  
Until before the storm's wild play  
The slender barrier gives way ;  
Then flowing through the verdant plains  
No type original retains—  
But beauty, form and self are lost  
In the wild mazes it has crossed :  
Yet as it fails new life it gives ;  
In its own waste each floweret lives.

## XV.

Time passed, devoid of self a trace—  
And LILLA's heart grew calm again ;  
And sorrow on her soul-lit face  
Scarce left a sign of secret pain.  
Her gentle heart, so sorely tried,  
And by its trials purified,  
In trusting faith to heaven had turned,  
And life's important lesson learned :  
Though clouds may veil morn's sunny sky,  
Doubt never that the lifted eye  
Shall view them fall in gentle showers,  
And thus in blessings pass away ;  
Waking to life the fragrant flowers,  
And leaving brighter, purer day.

**CANTO THIRD.**  

---

## I.

THE east is flushed with colors bright,  
The signal-lights of coming Day,  
At whose approach enshrouding Night  
With noiseless footfall glides away.  
The fleecy clouds, like heralds, fly  
Before the monarch of the sky ;  
The morning breezes, light and free,  
Are dancing o'er the rippled sea ;  
And Nature, robed in beauty, smiles  
Upon those sea-girt, tropic isles.

## II.

At this glad hour the exile's child  
Hath early sought her woodland bowers,  
To train the clustering tendrils wild,  
And gather sweet and fragrant flowers.  
Still turn her thoughts to memories  
Of happy days, of sunny skies,  
When life with ONE was glad and bright,  
Without, a dark and cheerless night.

She paused at length—her taper hand  
Encircling, like an ivory band,  
Clasped gathered flowers, whose roseate hues  
Were glistening with the early dews.  
How beautiful she seemed—arrayed

In spotless white, her form of grace  
Appeared in beauty ; lightly played

Upon her sweet, expressive face  
A trace of bloom ; her full, dark eyes  
Were lifted to the brightening skies ;  
Wreathing her lips a gentle smile  
Was lingering, such as might beguile  
A being of the upper air

For one so beautiful and fair.

—But soon the sound of footsteps near  
Was borne unto her listening ear ;

She turned, and to her glad surprise,  
Just issuing from the pillared wood  
An apparition met her eyes—

WALTER DE VERE before her stood !  
She paused an instant—then the cry

Of “WALTER !” her sweet lips expressed ;  
“LILLA !” he uttered in reply,

And clasped her to his manly breast.

### III.

Joy—for the long, dark night is o’er,  
Its drear and lonely vigil done ;

Joy—for the mists shall shroud no more  
The glory of the day begun.

Joy, in the heart's own faithfulness.

That trusted on, that trusted ever ;

Joy, in that love whose power to bless  
Misfortune dark could weaken never.

Joy, for the woes and sorrows past  
Have brought a glad reward at last ;

Joy in the Future's promise-tone  
Of rapturous pleasure, all its own.

## IV.

WALTER and LILLA meet again,

As meek-eyed Twilight silent steals  
In dusky shadows o'er the main—

Yet isle and sea but half conceals.

The fair-browed moon, enrobed in white,

With queenly grace moves up the skies ;  
And 'neath her beams of silver light

That isle in softened beauty lies.

And WALTER brief recital gave,

That, wrecked upon the stormy wave,

At the last hour he safety found

Upon a stately vessel, bound

With spreading sails, to Europe's shores,

And bearing varied tropic stores,

That he had sought his native land

Awed by no cruel king's command :

From every forest, vale and glen  
That girt his ancient castle round,  
He gathered firm and faithful men,  
By ties of strong allegiance bound—  
Then told them of those islands fair  
In the far regions of the West—  
Oppressed by no fierce monarch, there  
In peace might they securely rest.  
With skill were preparations made,  
Their consumation long delayed  
By watchful, eager spies—at last  
The exile-fleet moved down the tide,  
Their pennons to the breezes cast,  
And swept the wave with stately pride.  
Fair gales and cloudless skies had blessed  
Their passage to the distant West,  
Till here their snowy sails were furled  
Where stretched the mighty western world.  
And pilgrim-nobles, too, had come  
To share with them their island-home ;  
And while they this retreat had sought  
The noblest tributes had they brought,  
Alike of heart and soul and mind,  
By pure and lofty truth refined.  
WALTER DE VERE as chief they chose  
To rule the Islands of the Sea ;  
To watch above their still repose,  
And guard the banner of the Free.



And now, his devious wanderings o'er,  
He sought again that coral shore,  
While a calm joy his soul possessed,  
By love and hope supremely blessed.

## V.

And who might tell that love?—matured  
Through weary years of toil and pain,  
That still through darkest gloom endured,  
Still hoping, though all hope seemed vain.  
That love, whose very tenderness  
Had in itself a power to bless—  
A chastened passion, sorely tried,  
And by its trials purified—  
Forgiving, selfless, glad alone  
To suffer for the cherished one ;  
A lofty sentiment, above  
The dreamings, e'en, of youthful love.

## VI.

Oh, marvel of the human heart !  
What is that all controlling power,  
Which, once enthroned, will ne'er depart  
Till fails the pulse at life's last hour?—  
That singles from mankind, alone,  
Its own beloved and cherished one ;  
That round its holy idol flings  
The presence of all glorious things,

Winning from earth and air and sky  
Beauties of matchless harmony—  
And kneels before its sacred shrine  
In daring worship, oft divine.

## VII.

The moon has reached her zenith-height  
Ere WALTER, lingering to remain,  
Now bids at last a sweet "Good night!"  
And seeks his ocean-barque again.  
From forth the circling bay it glides,  
And o'er the billows lightly rides;  
Until from LILLA's eager sight  
It passes, in the mingled light  
And shade of that fair tropic night.

## VIII.

Won by the beauties of the hour,  
Of earth and air and sky above—  
She lingers in her rosy bower,  
Where first was pledged their mutual love.  
A quiet joy her soul possesses,  
And with its genial presence blesses  
The gentle, pleasing thoughts that rise  
With all their varied memories.  
—But now celestial melody  
Is swelling through the upper sky;

That choir of Angel-ones descending,  
Their voices sweet with harpings blending,  
Pour the rich, choral notes along,  
And swell the tide of glorious song :

“SWEET maiden, in thy sunny youth, when life was bright  
and fair,  
We sought for thee, with benisons, thy heavenly Father’s  
care ;  
And when thy days of loneliness and desolation came,  
We prayed thee trust, with childlike faith, his great and  
holy name.

“Thy heavenly Father heard thy prayer, and in thy deep  
distress  
Hath crowned thy days with joy and peace, thy life with  
blessedness :  
Then glory to His holy name, all other names above—  
A Father merciful and kind, a God of truth and love.

“Fair maiden, visible to thee may we appear no more—  
Our mission hath been all fulfilled, our embassy is o’er :  
Still hath a kind and gracious boon alike to both been  
given—  
A mortal hath held converse sweet with habitants of  
heaven.

“Still round thy quiet daily path shall we unseen attend ;  
Still in the music-tones of earth our gentle harpings blend ;  
In all the varied scenes of life still guard thy being well,  
Though now our harps and voices breathe—‘Farewell,  
to thee, FAREWELL!’ ”

# **Historia Libertatis.**

**PRONOUNCED BEFORE THE CLASS OF 1850, OF UNION COL-  
LEGE, UPON FOURTH OF JULY EVE, 1848.**

## HISTORIA LIBERTATIS.

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### I.

AMONG the tales of other days, those glorious  
days of old,  
When sire to son, in turn the sire, to child  
and grandchild told  
The storied deeds of noble souls, of heroes  
great and brave,  
This Legend, from forgetfulness, Tradition  
deigned to save :

### II.

There lived a Scottish Baron once, of strange,  
peculiar mind,  
Whose philosophic queries were to hidden  
truths inclined ;  
And he resolved that he would seek some  
new and unknown power,  
Whose sweet, wild melody should cheer each  
sad and lonely hour.

And then some massive iron bars from cliff  
to cliff he flung,  
As on two neighboring cragged peaks their  
sombre shapes he hung :  
For thus the Baron fondly hoped, that when  
the winds should play  
Upon that rock-framed harp, to hear music's  
sweet harmony.  
—Then danced the fragrant morning-breeze  
those long-drawn cords among,  
Yet moved they not, though all things else  
made melody and song.  
Nor noon-tide air, nor breath of eve, nor  
Zephyr's gentle wing,  
From forth those sullen, iron bars one mur-  
muring tone could bring.  
But when the midnight tempest swept from  
plain to mountain-height,  
And forth the gloomy Storm-king rode in his  
resistless might—  
And when the rushing whirlwind smote that  
giant harpsichord,  
From forth its trembling, quivering bars,  
melodious cadence poured :  
Music of sweet, æolian tone rose on the air  
around,  
Yet sonorous and full-voiced as the Arch-  
angel's trumpet-sound :

And as this night-long melody the listening  
Baron hears,  
Unto his ravished sense it seems "the music  
of the spheres."

## III.

Of all the marked, peculiar traits that to our  
land pertain,  
None else than this, to thoughtful minds, is  
more entirely plain—  
That with the people, as a mass, no slight or  
transient cause  
Can move them to effect a change, or honor  
changing laws.  
The morning-breeze, the noon-tide air, with  
lesser influence fraught,  
Will play above the silent throng, and yet  
disturb it not.  
But when great truths are held at nought,  
and principles of right  
Are made, by lawless force, to yield before  
superior might—  
The PEOPLE wake, stand up, and forth in stir-  
ring tones they speak,  
And quick from off their chaffing limbs their  
galling fetters break :  
And then from plain and mountain-height  
those tones come sweeping by,



That freemen breathe, of firm resolve, of  
dauntless purpose high :  
And e'en to distant lands they fly, borne on  
by every breeze,  
And to the coward despot seem the sound of  
roaring seas.  
—So when a haughty tyrant rose to oppress  
our noble sires,  
They kindled on each mountain-top fair Free-  
dom's altar-fires ;  
And they resolved, with fearless hearts, their  
native land should be  
Unburdened by a regal throne, unfettered,  
truly free.  
Then they unto a listening world, in God's  
eternal name,  
The startling truths of equal birth and equal  
rights proclaim :  
For truths like these they fought and bled,  
and with their latest breath,  
Pronounced the stern alternative of "Liberty  
or Death !"

## IV.

But while we rightly honor well those heroes  
old and brave,  
Who nobly fought, and bled, and died, their  
own dear land to save—

We well may seek to know from whence this  
principle had birth  
Of equal rights, which yet shall sway all  
nations of the earth.

## V.

Far down the vista of the past a clear and  
quenchless light  
The way illumines, and dispels the gloomy  
shades of night ;  
And as we tread the shadowy maze, seen by  
its mellow rays,  
We read the crumbling records there of long  
forgotten days.

## VI.

Full eighteen hundred years ago a CHILD DI-  
VINE had birth,  
And angels sang—"Glory to God on high,  
and peace on earth."  
By length of days the heavenly Child in mind  
and soul grew strong,  
Yet princely lords and ruling men he mingled  
not among :  
But with the thronging multitude that gath-  
ered far and near,  
These wondrous truths, from lips divine, fell  
on the startled ear :

For none had e'er declared before, nor till  
that blessed hour,  
The principle of equal rights, by God's crea-  
tive power.

## VII.

And now this great and heaven-born truth,  
immortal and sublime,  
Began its journey far adown the vale of  
coming Time.  
And as it passed from age to age, its legion-  
ary foes  
With kings and princes, tyrants all, to crush  
it then uprose.  
Yet it was loved and cherished still, in its  
dark pilgrimage,  
By all the noblest, purest souls of every  
clime and age :  
Among the lonely Huguenots, within their  
clay-walled cells,  
Upon the peaks of Switzerland, within her  
secret dells—  
Amid Germanic cloisters dim, on Scotia's  
highlands wild,  
Upon the fertile Saxon plains where Nature  
ever smiled—  
There dwelt this one great principle, a thing  
of life and light,

And to the people whispering of equal birth  
and right.

Where'er a few great minds stood out against  
oppressive power,

And noble hearts resolved that they to ty-  
rants ne'er would cower—

This spirit-principle appeared, to comfort and  
to speak

Inspiring thoughts unto the strong, and  
soothing to the weak :

Beside Erasmus' lamp—within Galileo's dun-  
geon-walls,

While Luther from his lonely cell its stirring  
mandate calls :

Within the Alpine home of Tell, on England's  
rocky coasts,

As Cromwell's battle-cry went up—"The  
Lord, the Lord of hosts!"

Among the noble hero-souls the trembling  
Mayflower bore

From their far, native, sea-girt isle to Ply-  
mouth's rocky shore—

Whose mission to this western world was  
hitherward to bring

"A Church without a Bishop, and a State  
without a King."

Here, 'mid these long-drawn forest-aisles, be-  
neath a star-gemmed dome,

The votaries of Freedom found a temple and  
a home.

Here dwelt they in an unknown land, by  
lordly feet untrod,

Untrammelled held their sacred rights, un-  
trammelled worshipped God.

Here the great truths of equal birth, of lib-  
erty and right

Were fearlessly maintained against tyrannic  
power and might;

Here stood fair Freedom's champion forth to  
lead her armies on,

The chiefest of her noble sons, the peerless  
WASHINGTON.

#### VIII.

Then from this western world went forth, as  
wars and tumult ceased,

This Genius of the Free, to light her altars  
in the East.

"The harp that once in Tara's halls the soul  
of music shed,"

Beneath her thrilling touch aroused the  
slumbering patriot-dead:

Unhappy Poland's valiant sons her silver  
tones awoke,

As they in death's convulsive throes their  
binding fetters broke.

In France, beneath her shading wings, arose  
the swelling flood,  
And thrones and kings were swept away in  
a wild sea of blood;  
And from far distant tropic climes came up  
the exulting cry  
Of freemen nerved with purpose strong to  
conquer or to die.  
Thus, thus, this one great principle, immortal and sublime,  
Hath gleamed like a golden thread far down  
the vale of Time :  
By turns obscured by clouds it seemed, by  
turns divinely bright,  
Through centuries of mental gloom, or intellectual light.  
Thus hath this Genius of the Free, of Liberty  
and Truth,  
Born eighteen hundred years ago, maintained  
perpetual youth :  
And thus she leadeth forth her hosts, her  
freemen brave and true,  
To overturn monarchical thrones, to conquer  
and subdue :  
To offer man those priceless rights which God  
to him hath given,  
And kindle in his slumbering soul Promethean fires from heaven.

## IX.

—And now, within one hundred days, o'er  
Ocean's sullen wave,  
Hath swept the stirring battle-cry of free-  
men true and brave—\*  
The murmuring tones of myriad ones that  
long in bondage groaned,  
Who, rising with resistless might, have kingly  
power disowned.  
Around each trembling, tottering throne  
tumultuous billows rave,  
And even now one lowly rests beneath the  
swelling wave :  
Still rise the thronging masses, still they lift  
their banners white,  
Inscribing on their ample folds—"For Free-  
dom, Justice, Right."  
God grant that they with guiltless blood those  
standards ne'er may stain,  
Yet ever guard man's sacred rights, these  
sacredly maintain :  
And may HE in great goodness grant that  
year of Jubilee,  
In which all nations of the earth shall then  
be truly FREE !

---

\* The French Revolution of February, 1848.

## X.

With festal rites, with emblems meet,  
With choral melody  
And glad acclaim, our voices greet  
Our nation's Jubilee :  
Hail!—happy day, thrice happy day  
That gave an empire birth,  
Whose genial influence yet shall sway  
All nations of the earth.

## XI.

Our noble sires of other days  
Withstood their haughty foe,  
And gained that meed of lofty praise  
Their sons with joy bestow :  
For then, 'mid shades of night, a star  
From clouds began to rise,  
Whose radiance, shining from afar,  
Now lights our western skies.

## XII.

All hail the day, when first was spoke  
The watchword—"Liberty :"  
A spell that broke the tyrant's yoke,  
And set the captive free.  
That day, before whose light divine  
Oppression fled away—  
Whose beams of heavenly radiance shine  
To pure and perfect day.



## XIII.

Then let us guard with sacred zeal  
The rights our sires bestowed,  
And strive that constant flame to feel  
Which in their bosoms glowed.  
So shall we greet, with glad acclaim,  
This festive day's return—  
So shall endure fair Freedom's fame—  
So shall her altars burn.



## **Lays of Passion.**



## LAYS OF PASSION.

---

### THE SHRINE.

---

THOUGH I have known thee many years,  
Yet I approach thee once again,  
Untrammelled by those boding fears  
That told me such approach were vain.  
For though I fail to win of thee  
The object of my heart's desire,  
Still noble ends my aim shall be—  
Still lofty hopes my soul inspire.

I ask thy love—yet ask it not  
As one who might make no return ;  
For then were mine the suppliant's lot—  
A suppliant whom thy soul should spurn.  
The jewels that I offer thee  
Precious and priceless do I deem ;  
Nor mayst thou take them, should they be  
Less highly held in thy esteem.

I pledge to thee an intellect,  
Which, still unfashioned and unwrought,  
Thy gentle genius might perfect  
To range the highest heaven of thought:  
A mind that surely feels within  
The earnest throbbings of a power,  
Which yet shall give it strength to win  
The triumphs of some future hour.

A faithful heart I pledge to thee,  
Unchanging and entirely thine;  
Whose worship, next to God's, should be  
Within the temple of thy shrine:  
A heart, whose passions sorely tried  
And taught in humbleness to bow,  
Still phoenix-like, thus purified,  
Have triumphed o'er the conqueror now.

I pledge thee these—for these alone  
By time and place unchanged remain:  
Give me thy love—and thou shalt own  
Thou hast not given it in vain.  
Give me thy love—and thou shalt know  
A true heart's deep idolatry;  
Give me thy love—and I will show  
That I am worthy even **THEE**.

## THE DREAMER.

---

“How like thou art to ONE departed!”

I SEE thee in my nightly dreams,  
E'en as thou seemest now :  
Thy love-lit eye in beauty beams—  
Glad light is on thy brow.  
And then each word, or glance, or smile  
So angel-like doth seem,  
I bless those phantasies the while—  
Those visions of a dream.

But holier thoughts of thee, alone,  
Are round thy presence thrown—  
Twin-sister seemest thou of one  
Passed to the great Unknown.  
Her radiant face, her beaming eye  
And graceful form were thine ;  
And still I bow, in memory,  
Before that sacred shrine.

Oh, that I had not *only* dreamed  
Of those bright, joyous hours,  
When in her presence ever seemed  
Life's pathway strewn with flowers.

Oh, might I list once more, and bless  
The music of her voice  
Whose words of winning tenderness  
Bade my sad heart rejoice.

Dearest, I would not breathe a thought  
That e'er might give thee pain ;  
But if my first desire prove nought,  
Still may not this be vain :  
May thy bright morning-sun illumine  
Thy path with roseate beams,  
And mayst thou be, in light, in gloom,  
The angel of my dreams.



## THE CONFESSION.

---

THOU hast read the heart most rightly,  
 As it was in other days,  
 When a future light shone brightly  
 On its joyous, happy gaze.  
 Whether now, in joy or sorrow,  
 Soul-absorbing feelings flow,  
 Dark or bright may seem the morrow—  
 Future years the truth will show.

There are mysteries all around us,  
 Which we may not, cannot solve—  
 Sympathies that charm or wound us,  
 Soothing sadness, lulling love.  
 Sympathies the dark world never  
 In its coldness comprehends ;  
 Sympathies that bind forever  
 Hearts of true and trusting friends.

Why me question of a feeling  
 (That thou knowest, thy queries show,)  
 O'er my lonely musing stealing,  
 Full of joy or rife with woe ?



Once the happy thought impressed me  
That a friend might heed my prayer ;  
And the gladdening wish possessed me,  
She could then my feelings share.

Wouldst know more?—E'en now thou  
knowest

All I could impart to thee—  
In thy mirror-heart thy showest  
Counterparts of thee and me.  
Of my feelings true and lasting,  
In thine own heart read aright—  
Of regret for follies casting  
Blight on Friendship's faith and light.



## THE PARTING.

---

—"THAT we had never met, or parted!"

I CANNOT say "Farewell," dearest—  
 My lips must falter still  
 To breathe that word, whose utterance  
 My heart with grief would fill.  
 Of fading hopes, of by-gone joys  
 Its faintest murmurs tell;  
 And olden memories *will* rise—  
 I cannot say—"Farewell!"

I cannot say "Farewell," dearest—  
 Far in the shadowy Past,  
 I see in ghostly forms troop by  
 My first hopes and my last.  
 The Future hath no charms for one  
 Whose thoughts with anguish swell;  
 I mourn the "light of other days"—  
 I cannot say—"Farewell!"

I cannot say "Farewell," dearest—  
 Thy star hath o'er me shone,  
 Till, like a rapt astrologer,  
 I worship it alone.

Faith, Hope, and Love beneath its light  
In blissful union dwell ;  
Its absence spreads a midnight gloom—  
I *cannot* say—"Farewell!"



## THE OLD MAN'S LAMENT.

---

UPON a pleasant summer's eve, as to his bed  
of rest  
The sun with golden banners passed the  
portals of the West—  
And woodland-hill, and forest-dale, and plain  
and mountain-height  
Were robed, as only Nature robes, in glowing  
colors bright—  
'Twas then before his cottage-door, within a  
a lowly vale,  
An old man to his grandchild told full many  
a truthful tale :  
But as the thoughts of other days, that long  
in memory slept  
Awoke to life and light again, he bowed his  
head and wept.  
And when he looked up again, 'twas with a  
broken sigh ;  
And faltering words fell from his lips, while  
tears bedewed his eye :

“ I’m thinking of the times, Harry,  
When, years long, long ago—  
Ere youth and hope and joy had changed  
For age and grief and woe—  
My cheek, like yours, was fresh and fair,  
My heart was light and gay ;  
With bounding step, in merry glee,  
I joined in childish play.

“ Oh, those were happy days, Harry,  
When, in perennial bowers,  
Unknowing grief or care I passed  
Childhood’s bright, joyous hours.  
And in the memories of the past,  
E’en now before me rise  
Those pleasant, boyish haunts—as fair  
As the hills of Paradise.

“ And then came manly youth, Harry,  
With hopes as fair and bright  
As seem the stars, as one by one  
They come, when comes the night.  
But as I watched their gladsome light  
I saw them fade away,  
As fade those stars, at early dawn,  
When morning brings the day.

“ And then came middle age, Harry,  
With sorrows and with fears ;  
A brow defying care, without—  
Within, hot burning tears.  
Yet still her phantoms Hope displayed  
Around Life's toilsome way,  
As gainless as the rainbow-hues  
That on the storm-cloud play.

“ And now hath come old age, Harry,  
With trembling footsteps slow,  
And palsied hands, and frame bowed down,  
And locks of drifted snow :  
And Time, upon this throbbing brow  
That once was fair as thine,  
Of sorrow and corroding care,  
Hath written many a line.

“ Yet Life hath some true hopes, Harry,  
That never, never fade ;  
But gleam like golden stars, 'mid scenes  
Of changing light and shade.  
These, if thou act thy part aright,  
Upon this world-wide stage,  
Shall be as beacon-lights to thee  
In this dark pilgrimage.

“ Then bear a firm, true heart, Harry,  
With moral armor bright,  
And let your watchword ever be—  
‘ May God defend the right !’  
And when at last thou shalt depart  
From scenes of action here,  
’Twill be ‘ as stars in heaven go out—  
To light another sphere.’ ”



## THE URN.

---

FAREWELL—farewell—to thy spirit, long cherished

As noble and upright, as honored and brave ;

Farewell to the hopes that have withered and perished,

With the dust that lies low in the cold, silent grave.

Oh, bright as the radiant son of the morning  
Thy star mounted up from the horizon's gloom ;

But while with its splendor the zenith adorning,

Its light hath gone out in the night of the tomb.

That light, which had shone with brightness increasing,

A guide to the devious ways of our youth ;



A day-star, whose lustre and brilliance un-  
ceasing

Illumined the pathway of honor and truth.

Yet like to that star, thy spirit shall never  
Be paled by earth vapors, though hid from  
us here ;

In splendor unveiled it will shine on forever,  
With glory undimmed, in a happier sphere.

Farewell—farewell—be it ours to cherish  
Thy spotless example, as Life's pathway  
we tread ;

To think on thy spirit immortal, though  
perish

Thy mouldering dust in the home of the  
dead :

To reflect that it dwelleth in mansions eternal,  
Undimmed by the gathering shades of the  
tomb ;

Where joys are unending, and flowers bright  
and vernal

By the river of Life, in Paradise bloom.



## WELCOME ODE

OF THE ADELPHIC SOCIETY OF UNION COLLEGE, .AT ITS  
SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, JULY 25, 1848.

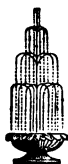
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With grateful hearts, with cheerful song,  
We greet this festal day;  
And pour the swelling notes along,  
And chant our joyous lay.  
Hail!—Brothers—hail!—to you we tend  
Our welcome warm and true;  
With you our present hopes we blend,  
Our former joys renew.

From north and south, from east and west,  
Together here we meet,  
To spend these hours, so richly blest,  
While cherished friends we greet.  
We here the cares of life forget—  
Its pleasures call to mind,  
And e'en in thoughts of fond regret  
A lingering solace find.

We gather here to quaff once more  
The waters, pure and bright,  
That from ADELPHIC fountains pour  
Their streams of life and light.  
And though for half an hundred years  
Its crystal tide hath flowed,  
Still Memory the fount endears  
By blessings once bestowed.

Then welcome, Brothers, once again,  
To this our Jubilee,  
By hearts devoid of care and pain,  
And happy, light and free.  
Hail!—Brothers, wandering stars from one  
Chief constellation bright—  
The fairest gem that ever shone  
Upon “the brow of night.”



## HOPE ON.

---

HOPE on, hope on, hope ever—  
In every change of life ;  
Hope on, and yield thee never  
To storms of earthly strife.  
Hope on, though faintly beameth  
The light of that far ray,  
Whose fading brightness seemeth  
In night to pass away.

Hope on, hope on, hope ever—  
In sorrow, pain and woe ;  
Though every tie should sever  
That binds thee here below.  
Hope on with faith unceasing,  
Where'er thy lot be cast ;  
Thy future joys increasing  
From memories of the past.

Hope on, hope on, hope ever—  
No dark and cheerless night  
Is cheered and lighted never  
With rays of heaven-born light.

No joy comes unattended  
By shadows of regret ;  
No grief is grief unblended—  
We mourn but to forget.

Then hope—hope on, hope ever—  
Lift up thy downcast eye,  
And gladly trust forever  
A Providence on high.  
Then, calmly shall thy spirit  
The ills of life sustain ;  
And conquering death, inherit  
Her native skies again.

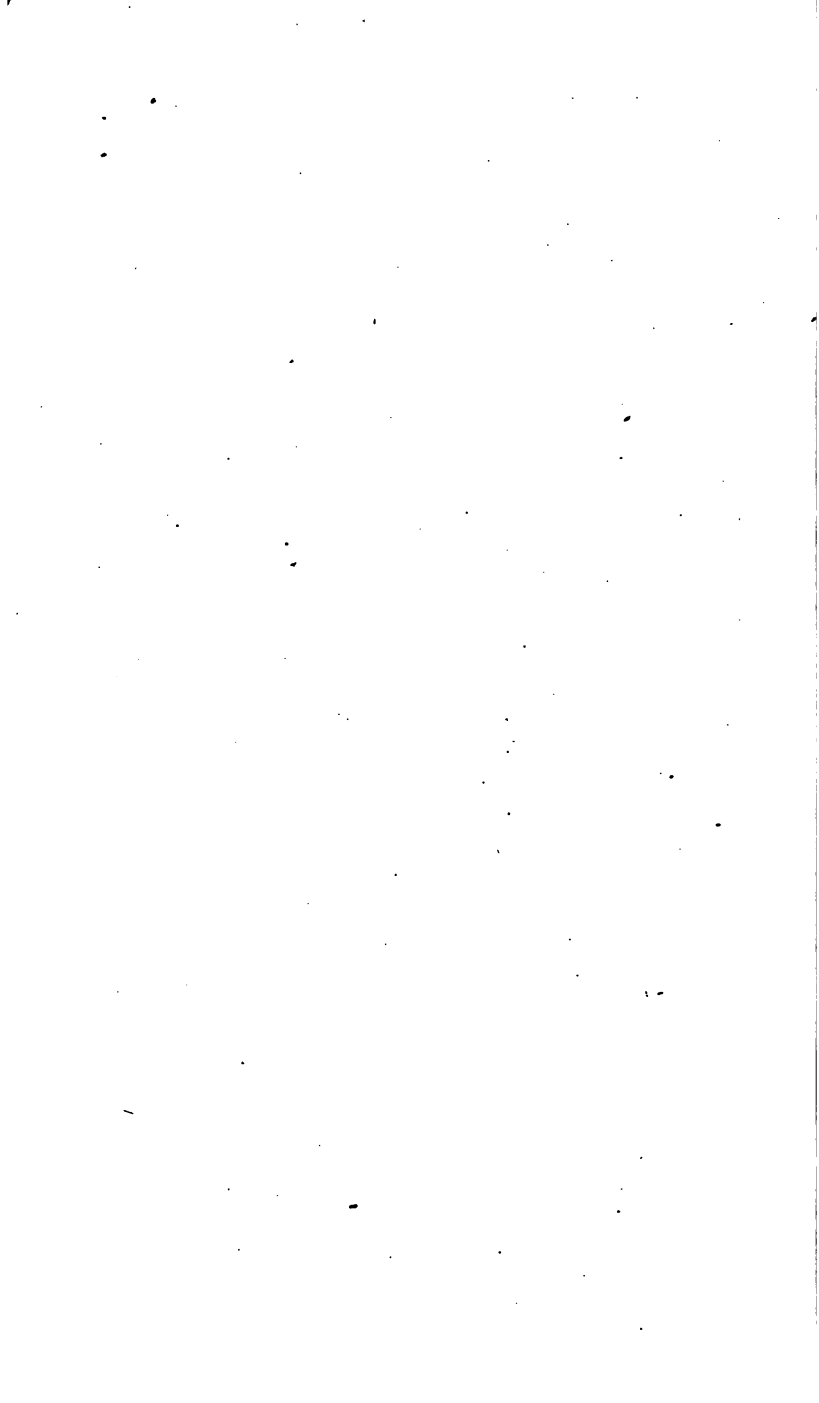


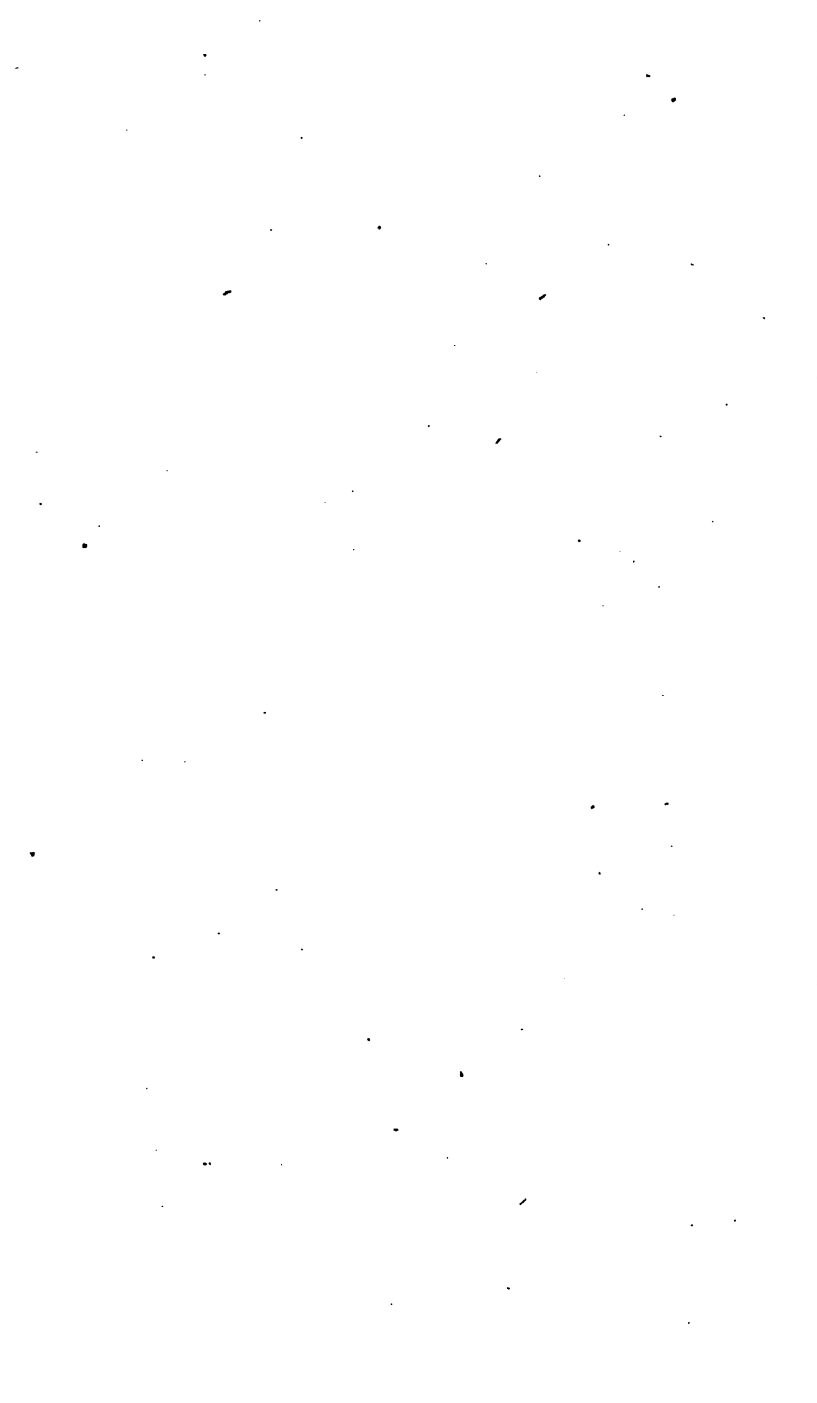












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